

BEVERLY MARRAGE MRS. HAZEN'S POLITICAL.

Many Believe Mrs. Hazen, When She Becomes His Wife, Will Inspire Him With Her Own Ambition, and So Smash Slates.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 31.—Politicians of both parties are deeply interested in the engagement of Admiral Dewey and Mrs. Hazen. It may mean much for them. It is well known that Mrs. Hazen is ambitious. The prediction is freely made that through her influence Admiral Dewey will enter politics. If he does, he may overturn all the plans of the politicians and break slates that have been carefully made.

The dramatic method of announcing the prospective social event and the news itself are a complete explanation of why Admiral Dewey declined to accompany the President on his recent stump tour through the West, the main purpose of which was to defeat John R. McLean, Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio.

The Admiral, living temporarily in the house of his fiancée's mother, did not regard it as within the bounds of propriety to help defeat his hostess's son and his future bride's brother. It is even whispered low that the Admiral announced his engagement at this time, and in the unique way he selected, in the hope that his future relationship with Mr. McLean might prove beneficial politically to the latter. And the gossips have it further that when Mr. McLean was here recently he confidentially predicted the announcement to some business associates.

Marriage Not to Be Delayed.

When the marriage will take place has not yet been determined, but it is believed that it will be in the near future, and that the Admiral will not long occupy alone his new house, presented by his admirers throughout the United States.

The definite news that Mrs. Hazen had finally consented to the marriage came first to Hilary Herbert, ex-Secretary of the Navy, who called at the Admiral's quarters in the Everett at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Mr. Herbert is the lawyer and friend of the Admiral, and had called in reference to the deeds and papers pertaining to the new house.

After a moment's conversation on business, the Admiral told his friend the news, and received Mr. Herbert's warmest congratulations. Mr. Herbert, on leaving the Admiral, told the news to a few friends. At 6:30 o'clock, the Tennessee delegation, headed by Representative John Wesley Gaines, called to ask the Admiral's views on the marriage.

The Admiral thanked the delegation, and said: "I'm sorry I can't accept your invitation, but it is really impossible for me to do so. In the first place, I shall be very busy with the Philippine Commission, which is to be almost daily here now, and in the second place, gentlemen, I have just become engaged, and I feel that I ought to remain here for some time. At least, I don't want to run off to sea."

Took Them Off Their Feet.

The delegation looked blank, then surprised, then jocular, and when the Admiral ceased talking after his confession Mr. Gaines and several others began: "Oh, well, of course, Admiral," and ended by congratulating him and inviting him to spend his honeymoon in Nashville. There was much joy all around.

The Tennessee delegation spread the news in a limited circle, and as Mr. Herbert had done the same, when the Admiral reached the Lafayette Theatre last night it was current among a portion of the audience.

The Admiral, as he sat down in his box, found that he was placed exactly opposite Rear-Admiral Schley, and saluted the latter. Schley returned the salute. The audience saw the demonstration and gave its approval. Adjutant-General Corbin, who was in the theatre, visited several of the boxes, and on the way to the box of the Admiral and his companion, Major Thomas Ferguson, ex-Minister to Norway and Sweden.

The woman present were especially enthusiastic in their manner, and General Corbin, as he went through the house, left a trail of persons beaming at the Admiral, while the rest of the audience were General Corbin was spreading the definite news of the engagement. In a few minutes Secretary Long left his box and went to the Admiral's.

Cabinet Members' God Wishes.

The handsakes when they met were hearty. Both laughed joyously. Secretary Long slipped the Admiral on the back, and, about, but something of the occasion was pleasant, applauded warmly. As Secretary Long withdrew Secretary Hitchcock appeared in Dewey's box and the two shook hands and laughed and again the audience cheered.

Admiral Schley, who had just heard the news, hastened to the Admiral's box and shook hands with him. He was shaking hands and patting each other on the shoulder the enthusiasm exceeded all ordinary bounds.

Major Stephen, Chief of the Bureau of Military Intelligence, and Captain J. Benson Forsaker then expressed their best wishes. The audience was worked up to a fever heat of excitement. The Admiral and his companion were then surrounded by a crowd of admirers, and the audience gave him a tremendous ovation.

After the performance Mrs. Long, Mrs. Herbert, Mrs. Schley, Mrs. McKim, and her daughters and many others hurried long enough to offer good wishes.

It seems that before going to the theatre the Admiral called at the home of the late General Corbin, where he told the news to some friends. General Corbin met one of these men and did the rest.

Long a Friend of the Family.

The Admiral has long been an intimate friend of the McLean family, although his attentions to Mrs. Hazen at her sister, Mrs. Laidlow, formerly Mrs. Hughes, were very close, he was not a close friend of the family. Those close in touch with the Admiral assert that the affair is one of recent date, and that it has ripened from attachment into love since the battle of Manila, when Mrs. Hazen was one of the first to congratulate him upon his great victory.

When the Admiral was a Commodore on duty at the department before his assignment to the Asiatic station, he was not looked upon as a "ladies' man," although he was always popular in society. He was always attracted toward those who were brilliant and vivacious, for, no being a talker himself, he is a good listener. His favorites at that time, it is said, were Mrs. Hazen, Mrs. Bugher and Mrs. Julian James, a sister of Mrs. Myers, who is the aunt of the late Lieutenant L. B. M. Mason, of the navy.

During his earlier stay on the Asiatic station, occasional letters passed between the Admiral and Mrs. Hazen. Immediately following the battle of Manila, Mrs. Hazen sent an enthusiastic cablegram. The Admiral, hitherto known only as a modest

gentleman and an efficient naval officer, evidently became Mrs. Hazen's hero.

Progress of the Courtship.

Cablegrams were exchanged frequently, and letters to and from are described as having two paper chains, the links of which grew closer as time for the Admiral's return approached. When he set sail from Manila he sent cables and letters at every port where the Olympia touched, and the gossip is that he received almost as many as he dispatched.

The offer of Mrs. McLean's house for the Admiral's temporary use when he arrived here reached him at Gibraltar, and the invitation and its acceptance are regarded as an eloquent commentary on the rapid progress of the courtship by letter. When Dewey reached the McLean house the night of his arrival here and following the street demonstration, Mrs. Hazen was the first to greet him.

After a brief welcome from Mrs. McLean the two ladies departed for the McLean country place in Woodbury lane. The next morning the first note the Admiral received was from Mrs. Hazen, and the first thing he did was to write a note in answer. During these first few days the only social call the Admiral made was paid to Mrs. Hazen and her mother. At the recent Metropolitan Club dinner the floral decorations were numerous and beautiful. The Admiral selected the most gorgeous basket, called in a club messenger and instructed him with great care to "take these flowers to Mrs. McLean's house and present them with my compliments."

These little incidents ordinarily indicating only esteem and appreciation are now looked back upon as showing the flame latent in the Admiral's heart all this time.

She Is Brilliant and Popular.

Mrs. Hazen is one of the most brilliant women in Washington. Possessed of ample means, a ready wit, great conversational powers, a thorough knowledge of society and a grasp of the grasp of politics and public questions, she is regarded as an ideal wife for the Admiral. About forty, and of plump figure, she has dark eyes, a high forehead, and a nose of the ludicrous, and is said to be at her best when telling a humorous story. The friends of both say it is Mrs. Hazen's jolly disposition that has been the particular attraction for the Admiral, who enjoys wit and humor in others hugely, and cracks his own little joke in company quite early in the evening.

Hazen's chief charm, aside from her sparkling eyes and smile, is a profusion of auburn brown hair, faintly tinged with gray and rolled high for her forehead. Her hair is styled in a high, loose, and Episcopal originally. Mrs. Hazen became a convert to Catholicism several years ago, and while not a zealot, professes the religion.

May be Wedded in St. Matthews.

The Admiral is an Episcopalian. Society is interested in the character of the nuptials, and it is the belief that the blessing of the bride's church will accompany the wedding pair. On this point, however, nothing definite will be stated by those interested. It is the impression that the marriage will take place in St. Matthews's Church.

Mrs. Hazen has been the widow of General Hazen for twelve years, and during that time has been reported to be engaged to almost every eligible man of prominence in the United States. These include General Schuyler, ex-Secretary of the Navy, and more recently General Corbin, whose devotion has been collectable.

The latest fun at the Metropolitan Club and always told it possible in Admiral's hearing is the grave comment: "Isn't it strange the Admiral should get another Hazen in his old age?"

WOMAN'S NIGHT VIGIL IN FEAR OF BURGLARS.

Mrs. W. R. Francis, of Jersey City, Victim of Nervous Dread of Midnight Robbers.

Mrs. William R. Francis, of No. 1117 Park avenue, Hoboken, for many months past has sat at a window night after night until after 3 a. m. watching for burglars. Nearly a year ago she was told that a thief had been discovered prowling about in a yard within a short distance of her home.

Since then Mrs. Francis has been unable to get any rest until long after midnight. She puts her children to bed at 9 o'clock, and from that hour until after 3 a. m. she keeps guard at her window, dreading the approach of a strange footstep.

She is familiar with the footsteps of the policeman on the post, or neighbors, but directly a stranger's approach she is aware of his presence and watches his every move until he is out of her sight. Her friends have tried in vain to induce her to give up her vigil.

GIRLS ROUTED BY FIRE IN METHODIST SEMINARY.

Hackettstown Educational Institute Destroyed, but all the Students Escaped Uninjured.

The seminary building at Hackettstown, N. J., owned by the Newark Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was completely destroyed by fire yesterday morning, entailing a loss of about \$900,000, and there is only about \$150,000 insurance.

Two hundred students, half of them girls, occupied rooms in the building. All escaped uninjured, but not more than a quarter of them were able to save their clothing and other belongings.

PROTESTED INNOCENCE BEFORE HE WAS LYNCHED.

Negro Miner of Kansas Strung Up for the Murder of a Bartender.

Wells City, Kan., Oct. 31.—Gus McCardle, a bartender, was shot and killed last night, and in less than two hours his supposed murderer, George Wells, a negro miner from Seaman, was swinging to a telephone pole, the victim of a mob that had forcibly taken him from jail.

Before the rope was placed about his neck Wells admitted he was with the man who shot McCardle, but denied that he had done the shooting.

MOLINEUX TRIAL NOV. 13.

Lawyers in the Case Agree on That Date for the Beginning.

It was intended that Justice Furman, of the Criminal Branch of the Supreme Court, should decide yesterday the date for the trial of Roland B. Molineux, Assistant District-Attorney Osborne was in court, as were George Gordon Battle and Bartow S. Weeks for Molineux, but word came that the Justice was ill and could not appear. The case will come up to-day. It is understood that Mr. Osborne will ask to have the case set for November 13. The other attorneys said that date would be satisfactory to them.

Evans' Ale Is Always the Same—As old wine, sparkling with life.

CAPTAINS MOST FAIR CHARGE OF HOMICIDE.



They Blame Each Other for the Ferryboat Disaster.

SIX MAY HAVE DROWNED \$2,000,000 in Checks Recovered by Divers from the Mail Wagon.

Six persons are supposed to have been drowned when the Cortlandt street ferryboat Chicago was run into and sunk by the steamer City of Augusta on Monday night.

Of these six the body of only one has been recovered, unless that of an Italian woman found floating in the bay yesterday is one of the victims of the disaster. The others are simply reported missing. They were on the ferryboat and have not returned to their homes.

The question of responsibility is still unsettled. The local Board of Steamship inspectors will have to determine who was at fault. The ferryboat was carrying a mail wagon, which was loaded with checks amounting to \$2,000,000.

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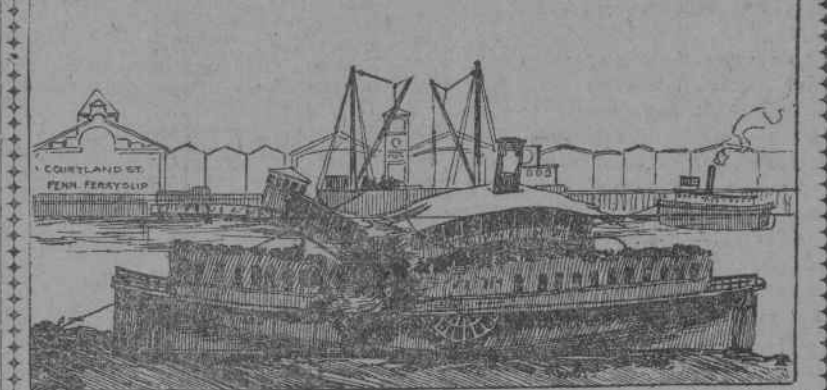
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Wreck of the Chicago as Divers Found Her.

Only the upper deck and pilot house of the ferryboat are above water, but the divers furnished a complete report from which the lower cut was made. There is a clean cut nearly half way through the Chicago. The upper picture shows the wrecking being at work on her. During the day the divers and wreckers succeeded in recovering all the mail in the wagon that sank with the boat. In the mail were checks amounting to \$2,000,000. The captains of the Chicago and City of Augusta must face charges of homicide.

Most grave responsibility, divers were at work on the sunken boat. She lies almost on going to the stern of the boat to cut the traces of her horses. He never returned. John McNamara, a deck hand, had a hard struggle with one of the women passengers, who had tied a life preserver around her neck. While adjusting her preserver properly McNamara's life belt was taken from him by a female passenger, and he had to swim ashore without one.

Mrs. Mary Bennett, of No. 311 Pearl street, Brooklyn, called at the Journal office last night and reported the disappearance of her husband. She fears he was one of the men who went down in the Chicago. Bennett left home on Monday morning. The last she saw of him was when he would reach home about midnight.

Valuable Mail Recovered. There were thirty pouches of letters and sixty sacks of papers and other second class mail matter. This midnight mail is one of the most valuable arriving in New York. It consists largely of business letters and packages from Washington and the South, and included checks amounting to more than \$2,000,000. The wreckers were therefore the cause of much congratulation at the Post Office.

A milk wagon was next hauled out, and after that the work became slower. The horses were cut from the wagon and hoisted to a scow that carried the bodies to the city dock. The cut made by the Chicago was a clean cut nearly half way through the Chicago. The upper picture shows the wrecking being at work on her. During the day the divers and wreckers succeeded in recovering all the mail in the wagon that sank with the boat. In the mail were checks amounting to \$2,000,000. The captains of the Chicago and City of Augusta must face charges of homicide.

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It was a serious moment for William Silvers. With a detective by his side, for he was under arrest, he was there to be identified as the milkman who had kicked and beaten the nine-year-old boy who now is at death's door.

Outside the flat house, No. 243 West One Hundred and Ninth street, were a dozen small boys and girls, playing on the sidewalk. If the glances toward the body driver could have been converted into weapons, he would have endured a degree, at least, of the suffering for which he is said to be responsible.

Silvers, who is seventeen years of age, drives a milk wagon for J. Armstrong, of No. 515 West One Hundred and Tenth street. Each morning his wagon goes through One Hundred and Ninth street, and he is known to the neighbors and the children.

Little John Hoag, as full of life and fun as a healthy child, lay in bed yesterday morning on the walk on the morning of October 19 when Silvers appeared with his milk wagon.

The wagon was jogging onward when the small boy cried: "Oh, how would you like to be the milkman?"

The driver became enraged. The statements made by the boy to his mother and to Coroner Bausch are perfect in detail. Silvers, the boy says, leaped from the wagon and gave chase. The boy ran down the street and into the hallway at No. 243 West One Hundred and Ninth street. There, he says, he was caught by Silvers and knocked down, kicked and beaten until the breath was nearly out of his body. Three times he was kicked in the left side and knocked down again by blows on the chest. Silvers left him lying on the floor, and the boy, weeping and hysterical, got to his home as best he could.

His injuries were not regarded as serious until several days later. Then a physician found him suffering with pleurisy. The case was reported to Coroner Bausch yesterday and Silvers was arrested.

UP GOES MILK AGAIN.

Consolidated Exchange Raises the Price 10c. per 40-Quart Can.

The Consolidated Milk Exchange met yesterday at its office in the Mercantile Exchange Building and advanced the price of milk to \$1.01 per forty-quart can.

During the past summer the lowest price reached was \$1.21 per can. It was advanced to \$1.31, and on October 1 to \$1.41. On October 20 it was raised to \$1.51. These figures refer to the price of the can delivered merely to the depot, whether in New York or New Jersey.

Insane Inventor Drowned. Christian Burger, forty-two years old, of No. 258 East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, was drowned recently in the East River, and his widow condemns the authorities of the Manhattan State Hospital for negligence. The man escaped from the insane asylum on Ward's Island, and his body was found at the foot of East Seventy-eighth street. Burger was committed to Ward's Island in August, 1898. He was an inventor.

Otto Huber's Golden Rod, the world's perfection in brewing and so

PASTOR'S TROUSERS HIS WIFE'S ATTIRE.

Mother of Seven Children, but Smokes Cigarettes Wears Short Hair and Took Long Strolls in Masculine Garments Until Arrested.

Philadelphia, Oct. 31.—What Magistrate Neill terms the most singular and interesting case that ever came before him for his judicial verdict presented itself in his court yesterday.

The prisoner was a young woman of attractive appearance and modest demeanor who had been arrested for wearing boy's clothing in North Broad street on Sunday evening.

The picture she presented in court was such that it puzzled the Magistrate and excited the curiosity of the onlookers. So evident was it that she was a woman in spite of her masculine togs that it seemed incredible that she should have been able to appear in public often similarly clad without attracting the attention of the police. Yet that was the assertion made by the police, and the facts proved that they are correct.

Indifferent to Scrutiny.

As she sat before Magistrate Neill, her legs crossed and her hands in her trousers pockets, she apparently did not notice the attention she was creating. Her hair was cut after the fashion of college football players. That it was badly cut no one thought to remark when she explained that she had cut it herself at home.

The fingers of her right hand were stained with the nicotine of cigarettes, which she smoked constantly. Her trousers were torn in the legs and bagged and sadly at the knees. She wore a coat and waistcoat and an overcoat that never were intended by any tailor to be worn to-day when a woman wears a man's suit.

This assortment of masculine clothes was surmounted by a delicate, pale face, of which the woman wore without detection. Close inspection satisfied him that she was Mrs. Martin.

Judicious and no unkindly questioning by the Magistrate at first had no effect in bringing out any clue to the woman's identity. At last, when told that she would be committed to jail for appearing on the street dressed as a man, she seemed much better disposed to answer questions. Magistrate Neill spoke to her soothingly and then, in spite of her football hair and masculine garb, a flood of very feminine tears came to her relief.

Caused Family's Isolation.

Between her sobs she said she was the wife of a clergyman and lived on the Limekiln pike, near Pittville. A policeman with this information soon located the woman's husband, who proved to be the Rev. Mr. Martin, whom he brought to court with him.

With the discovery of the husband the whole of the woman's remarkable story came out. She was a woman of thirty, married at twenty, and had seven children. She was a woman of thirty, married at twenty, and had seven children. She was a woman of thirty, married at twenty, and had seven children.

The husband said the wife is the mother of seven children, but long has had an irresistible passion for wearing men's apparel. The husband said the wife is the mother of seven children, but long has had an irresistible passion for wearing men's apparel.

After she had become more used to the male attire and learned to inhale cigarette smoke without sneezing and to light a match like a man, Mrs. Martin grew bolder and used to stroll down as far as Pennsylvania avenue and kept their children home and became overbold, until she finally was arrested.

When her story had been told, Mrs. Martin was left alone in the Magistrate's private room, and when she came out again, arrayed in the neatly fitting gown her husband had brought, every one who saw her agreed that a very odd looking male figure had been transformed into a sweet and wholesome little woman.

Mrs. Martin promised to look up all his own extra garments and those of his eldest son, and Magistrate Neill allowed Mr. Martin to take her back to her wifely duties as a mother.

ACCUSED BY BOY "ON DEATH-BED." FRIEND!" HE CRIED.

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Betrayed by Her Actions.

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